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Grate



E U G E N E:

A P O E M

IN THE

MEASURE OF SPENSER.

IN TWO CANTOS.

BY CHARLES GRATE.

PHILADELPHIA:

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1842.

h. S. P.

RED according to the act of Congress, in the year
thousand eight hundred and forty-two, by

CHARLES GRATE,

Clerk's office of the District Court of the Eastern Di
of Pennsylvania.



E U G E N E .

CANTO I.

I.

Ir in the night of these degenerate days,
Thou canst, my muse of Spenser, stoop so low,
I pray thee favour with thy smile my lays.
Disdain not in a soil so mean to sow;
We know not to what length the crop may go:
The choicest fruits on flinty hills are found;
The lilies blossom where the briars grow;
The olives with the richest growth abound
Where an unbroken wilderness extends around.

A youth, who husbanded so well his time
That, midst his labours at the plough and
He gained distinction in the arts sublime
When foul besprent with toil's unpleasant
He would, to gratify intense desire,
Peruse by snatches works of loftiest rhyme
Till he had mastered their contents entire
Eugene his name, which shall my rising se

III.

He was the offspring of inglorious sires
They in their number compassed but a
And, under pompous signatures of Squ
Had never figured in the public view:
What most distinguished them, was that
To till the earth with more than common
Rich were the harvests which they reaped

IV.

His person was of that imposing make,
Which, whilst it shows a strength in high degree,
Will yet the eye with its perfections take;
A figure tall, yet perfect symmetry;
A countenance ingenuous as the sky;
An eye expressive of a noble mind,
Bright and varying, full of energy;
A step firm, to agility inclined,
At once the sum of grace and dignity combined.

V.

Unlike the youths, accustomed to the field,
He did not throw away his leisure hours,
But treasured them, the greatest fruit to yield,
For the improvement of his mental powers:
And what a store of time, whilst winter lowers,
May not thus fall to enterprising wight,
When day is closely stinted of its dowers,
And, lengthening its dusky reign, the night
Draws on with speed, and shuts all nature from the sight.

... on their beauties, as they richly thr
lustre on the gifted author's name:
le passed them through his mind in close
nd separated from the false the true,
ill, gold and rubbish to the eye laid bare,
e from the process the whole secret drew,
hat made them monuments of genius rare,
caused mankind in admiration fixed to stu

VII.

was thus that he escaped the fate of those,
ho, dazzled by an author of esteem,
ore whatever from his pen arose,
y, e'en his oversight perfections deem.
is what in Milton does incongruous seem
e poets, and of no ignoble taste,
e imitated in their childish dream

VIII.

Thus when, through failure of their mental force,
Some pedants cannot make a piece entire,
They in relief call it Pindaric verse,
And fancy, that amidst their broken lyre,
They have the Theban bard's heroic fire.
Thus all the poets of the present day,
To Byron's rugged numbers still aspire,
Supposing they are in the proper way,
To catch that strength of thought which dignifies his lay.

IX.

However, as all human projects go,
Those master poets too must have their fools;
As tumblers, when performing at a show,
Keep following at their backs their mimic tools,
Who, if they cannot leap across the stools,
Crawl through beneath, and then exclaim aloud,
That they performed the feat e'en by the rules,
To the diversion of the laughing crowd,
Who love the palpable deceit in mirth to shroud.

That Homer's strain, its strong impetu
 His mind exalted, and his bosom fired;
 That he found Virgil sweet as he desir
 That Tully's eloquence, and Plato's tho
 His breast with ecstasy unfeigned inspi
 'his no peculiar predilection seems:
 o is not worked on by the sun's conge

XI.

it works in which mankind are not ag
 those praised to the skies, cried down
 st as their taste or prejudice may plead
 such I here shall the occasion seize,
 show which chiefly could his fancy p
 stormy Pindar, lowered to this class,
 ld his attention draw with most incre

XII.

The bold impetuous movement of his song
Resembles all the fury of a flame,
Which, roaring, rapid, sweeps all things along,
By far too powerful for men to tame.
We know not which shall most our homage claim,
The grandeur that his numbers have acquired,
In their sonorous, wild, irregular game,
Or the enthusiasm with which he was fired,
A spirit more than human—by the muse inspired.

XIII.

Thucydides he held as next in place,
The greatest the historians among.
The candid statements, which in lucid trace
To the relation of his facts belong;
The abrupt rapidity, which all along
Pervades his sentiments in close array;
The figurative expression, bold and strong,
Itself a phrase set out in rich display,—
These made Eugene devote to him the night and day.

Enchanted him with her bewitching lyre
The foul aspersions which defile her name
I neither palliate, nor add to their shame
Let higher tribunals that case decide;
But criticised in her poetic fame,
She may be looked on as her nation's pride
Such as it has none other to boast of beside

XV.


As by superior light the moon outshines
The twinkling stars that decorate the sky
And in her orb such majesty combines,
That of the train she first attracts the eye
As ruling empress of the shining fry,
So Sappho, ranked amongst the brilliant
Does all their nice embellishments outvie

XVI.

What though of all her works we have received
But a few fragments mutilated dire,
Yet by their excellence it is perceived,
What was the beauty of the piece entire,
What charms it breathed, what poetic fire.
So by the sun's meridian scattered rays,
Which to the day of mortals here conspire,
We calculate the light which he displays
In his collected orb, in his immediate ways.

XVII.

The other ancients, for the present time,
I pass unnoticed with a reference by,
However worthy of the loftiest rhyme,
Convinced that those adduced as a supply,
Will show which way my hero's taste did lie.
I now shall bring the moderns into view:
In turning to their excellence my eye,
Eugene, I find, gave Shakspeare's works their due,
An act of justice which is by the way not new.



their feeble efforts tending but to prove,
that measured lines, and rhyme's exactest frame
are far from answering the muse's flame,
great Shakspeare, with his village learning slight
and wanting e'en the influence of a name,
set forth his genius in its native might,
straight attained Parnassus to its utmost height

XIX.


Thus whilst the winter nips the verdant scenes
the rich, despite the price they must bestow,
supply themselves with artificial greens,
to trim their mantles with a gorgeous show;
but when kind Nature once begins to blow,
the woods themselves turn green in fresh array,
flowers in the fields spontaneous grow,

XX.

His language, flowing with spontaneous grace,
The immediate effect of genius rare;
His imagery, coming in apace
To give description an enlivening air;
His wit, acknowledged as of genuine ware;
His humour, breaking forth at seasons meet,
Which none so inadvertent but must share,—
These, added to his characters discreet,
Whilst on his writings strength confer, preserve them
sweet.

XXI.

Although it is above two hundred years,
Since of the muses he became the son,
And tuned his "woodnotes wild" to British ears,
Yet, with such grandeur are his pieces done,
That not the change the times have undergone,
Nor the improvements in the English tongue,
(Reforms which cut an author to the bone,)
Have one perfection from his beauties wrung.
They are as staple as when they were formerly sung.



— principle obtains,
 No more is altered by a change of time,
 Than is the sun by earth's unequal reigns
 Though barren heaths and mountainous d
 Do not rejoice beneath his genial ray,
 Like cultivated fields and fertile plains,
 Yet in the skies he holds his luminous way,
 s glorious to behold, and shines to all the day

XXIII.

That Milton's works were by Eugene admin
 No singularity of taste implies.
 Who read them, and was not with rapture fi
 His minor poems were lauded to the skies,
 When as an author he began to rise;
 But when in 'Paradise Lost,' he showed his
 They had no ornaments to take the *eyes*.

XXIV.

Thus whilst the starry trains adorn the sky,
They, in their sparkling orbits feebly bright,
Disperse the dark, and glimmering light supply;
Draw indistinctly objects to the sight,
The checkered landscape, and the mountain's height;
With gleams reflected on the waters play,
Shine o'er the expanse, and chase the silvery light;
But when the sun comes forth in bright array,
They are eclipsed, and vanish in the blaze of day.

XXV.

Of all the writers who in prose excelled,
He spoke of Addison with warmest praise;
He owned that some to greater splendour swelled;
But then in those unstudied casual rays,
Which genius, in inimitable ways,
Communicates, as by an angel sent,
In those he stood unrivalled in his days;
As Nature's flowers, fragrant to the scent,
Are unapproached by those on which man's art is spent.

Some apt expressions happily applied:
Not that they dazzle by their novelty,
Or are not generally used beside;
But the facility with which they slide
Into a sentence, to express with ease
The full and the proportioned sense it
Gives them the happy faculty to please
And makes them as original the reader

XXVII.

What yet adds to his fame, and mak
And what to him alone we must co
Is that, amidst his beauties unsurpas
We see no efforts to excel or shine:
The easy period and melodious line
Which to his works, as light to day

XXVIII.

To form a true idea of his style,
Its characteristics not to be described,
Its artless manner, yet glowing all the while,
A handsome woman, by no fashions bribed,
Above all ornaments to dress ascribed,
Her plainness setting off her native grace,
Those manners she from Nature's self imbibed
Her spring of motion, the affection of her face,
May well assist the fancy its deserts to trace.

XXIX.

Thus bent on knowledge, thus with taste endowed,
Was not Eugene with honours circled round?
Did he not rise above the unthinking crowd,
By his importance, and research profound?
Did not his wit and pleasantries abound
In the refined assemblies of the land,
Where passed in jocund laugh the silver sound,
And sweet affection smiled from faces bland,
The whole with delicacy and decorum planned?

In graceful air, the beauty of the man,
With all the dignity of a compeer;
But when a social intercourse began,
And all joined in a subject as it ran;
Showed by their looks, with cheerfulness att
That they were let into the speaker's plan;
Raised sudden laughter when with wit insp
It was then that he was done, and by his silen

XXXV.

His friend indeed, to give him all his aid,
Spoke loud, and changed the talk on many
But this, though with a brother's kindness
Supplied no fund for a colloquial store,
Nor to the subject opened him the door:
The little light which he through it receive
Could only to perplex him still the more,

XXXVI.

Whilst all was life and gayety around,
Eugene, like water stagnant through some stays,
And kept from mingling with the current's bound,
Was a sad contrast by his moody ways,
His countenance bereft of cheerful rays,
His posture through inaction tedious grown;
E'en those around him, deep in social plays,
Could not forbear to make his case their own,
By now and then regarding him with piteous moan.

XXXVII.

Of his infirmity all uninformed,
The ladies wondered, in their girlish freak,
That he no more to courtesy conformed;
One of them, anxious to hear him speak,
Framed an address his intercourse to seek:
She couched it, to conciliate his breast,
In all her silvery tones so soft and meek;
But he, unconscious of his being addressed,
Maintained his silence with composure unsuppressed.

To vindicate Eugene, unjustly blame
His comrade in excuse his deafness
But this to her compassion only led;
For that bewitching charm which bes
Had now forever from her bosom fle
From admiration, not from pity sprin
That all resistless flame with which the

XXXIX.

Eugene, all prospects thus snatched fi
Loathed any longer with mankind to
But hopeless to the wilderness withdr
Where rose the mountain with a rug
Where streams from hanging precipic
Where rocks, on rising rocks grotesq
Stupendous closed, or left a hollow de

XL.

In this secluded place he lived retired,
Till finally an institution rose,
Which, yielding the advantage he desired,
Urged him to quit the place of his repose;
It by the name of the Lycéum goes,
An institution, where on theme proposed
The candidates in a discussion close,
Whilst all around, promiscuously composed,
The audience is enlightened by the truth disclosed.

XLI.

The great advantages, to science true,
Which from this institution will arise,
Must strike e'en the most superficial view.
What so contributes to make youth more wise?
Where, from desire to obtain the prize,
Must he the page of history so scan?
Where so discuss a question as it lies?
Where with such niceties his language plan,
Adjust his actions due, and polish all the man?

Awakes the dispute, and draws forth their
Is that the ladies the discussion gild,
A happy audience on which hopes to bide
What wight, enkindled with a virtuous
Would not from a defeat his question slide
When she, whom he has destined for his
s present—sees and hears whatever does

XLIII.

Eugene availed himself, in early time,
Of this Lycéum for which he had pray
How he surpassed, in eloquence sublim
All others that were in the lists arrayed
Although no mean proficient in the trade
The muse will now in artless verse un
Not slighting, as to envious spite betra


XLIV.

The number of competitors was five:
The first of whom that came upon the stage,
Seemed awkward from his diffidence to strive:
For fear to let his faculties uncage,
He never rose to the pathetic rage;
His voice and actions one same tenor wore,
Like an unvaried country's even page,
Where hills and dales no rugged grandeur tore,
Where cities are not seen, where rivers have no shore.

XLV.

Yet in his composition he displayed
A strength and beauty seldom found combined:
A depth of thought, perspicuously conveyed
In language highly flowing and refined;
An imagery of the noblest kind;
A sparkling wit, which lighted up the whole,
The coruscation of a brilliant mind;
A lively humour, that brooked no control,
But broke forth without ceasing, and cheered up the soul.

V /



Although he aimed at a pathetic strain,
 Raised high his tone, and with his chest
 Endeavoured as his subject rose to climb,
 Yet was there, midst his vehemence and
 An inharmonious and monotonous chime;
 A cataract of words, a savage noise;
 Words uttered without art, confounded with

XLVII.

And emphasis, which like relieve shows
 The prominence that in expression lies,
 Draws forth a dazzling lustre as it glows,
 And paints its native colouring to the eyes
 'till this it was that he could never rise:
 For could he, with his accents all uncouth,
 Attain inflexion as a golden prize:
 With gestures awkward and with voice --

XLVIII.

His style was florid, and through vain parade,
Was more distinguished for a pompous show,
(A tinselled subterfuge adroitly made,)
Than for intrinsic worth contained below.
As in the skies the meteors come and go,
Enduring hardly for a transient view,
E'en so his phrase, with superficial glow,
But for a moment the attention drew,
Then passed away no more the wonder to renew.

XLIX.

In all that vehemence and ardent zeal,
Which unpremeditated speech attend,
When, made the shaft of keen reproach to feel,
The bursts of genius in invective end,
The third now took his station to contend;
His strain irregular, but bold and strong,
Like nature where the scenes in wildness blend;
Rocks heaped together in terrific throng,
Impenetrable forests, rivers rolled along.

Its ready influence on his language d
Administered, in copious supply,
Expressions that did forcibly apply;
Called in, as true to nature's genial la
The aid of images of various dye;
Gave a perspicuous movement to his c
A full sonorous flow, as tending to the c

LI.

The fourth, commencing with a grace
Addressed his audience in a studied st
The periods varied with design to plea
The diction smooth, familiarly plain;
The arguments, in a connecting chain,
With logical propriety deduced;
The imagery, as a precious gain,

LII.

With all this method and array of art,
He failed to make the impression he desired.
He charmed the ear, but did not move the heart:
Conviction, the important point required,
By which the mind is swayed, the bosom fired,
This, weighed in its results however small,
He in no instance by his talk inspired:
He grasped the shadow, let the substance fall—
Smiles, hearts untouched, responded to the call.

LIII.

Eugene with a majestic air appeared,
And gave his thundering eloquence the reins.
He now in all his natural strength careered,
Uncramped by deafness, his inherent chains;
As when a stream, swollen by a freshet's gains,
Rolls with impetuous force its watery sway,
Involving in its channel all remains,
Which in its lowly ebb had clogged its way,
And carrying them adrift in triumph to the sea.

That rung harmonious music to the wh
His gestures, made with gracefulness ar
As supplements to the ingenious noise,
These, in addition to his beauteous form
(Which in itself too oft the heart decoy
O'erwhelmed his audience with a secret
Gainst which it struggled all in vain itself

LV.


His language gave his thoughts a glorio
E'en like the sun when he arrays the s
And streams reflect the brilliant beams t
How splendidly his diction dazzled by!
What strength was in his phrase, what
The true sublime, the Ciceronian swell!
How his imagination soared on high,

LVI.

The effects of this discourse, we may suppose,
Were such as seemed to magic arts akin.
Expressions of applause, in order close,
When seeming to subside, did just begin;
As when the thunder, almost spent within,
With a diminished noise in heaven rolls,
Not to abate in its terrific din,
But only to procure some hotter doles,
And shake with tenfold violence the trembling poles.

LVII.

Eugene, thus raised at once to highest fame,
Was almost worshipped by the admiring throng.
Cards everywhere in richest gildings came,
All proffering their invitations strong.
The populace, borne by the cry along,
Expressed their homage in the bluntest way:
Some placed him their relationship among;
Some gloried that his looks did theirs betray;
Some knew the time they wrought with him on many a
day.



CANTO II.

L

In humble strains, we hitherto have seen,
How in the liberal arts Eugene excelled;
How, spite of all the obstacles between,
He finally his way to triumph felled:
We now shall see him o'er the deep propelle
In quest of knowledge, hid in learned lore;
To hold high converse with the works of *Æli*.

II.

Embarked on board a vessel bound for France,
He ventured on the sea, in spirits high,
To make his voyage as a child of chance.
Whilst the receding shores he still could spy,
He seemed as one in act to bid good-bye,
Not yet released from friendship's pressing hand;
But when the scene had closed to sea and sky,
He felt, amidst the waves without a strand,
As one who had departed from his native land.

III.

Soon as the stars appeared in heaven above,
He could again converse with kindred ties,
Again saw scenes by which to exchange his love.
For these, as Nature's all surveying eyes,
The spacious hemisphere at once comprise:
Look simultaneously on those below;
On maiden who at home prolongs her sighs,
And on her lover doomed the sea to go.
Blest hearts indeed which thoroughly their language know.

since with a heart he left behind
He had in mutual promises com
That thou, by both at the same l
Shouldst join them in a manner
Shouldst call up feelings entertai
When they had language at thei
Shouldst features mutual to the
Such as they seemed when all belov

V.

But now a storm in all its wrath
With blackening clouds the sky
The seamen with despatch furl t
The vessel, wafted by the furious
Now hangs reclining on the inve
Now rolls into the yawning gulf
Whilst from the skies a billow tl

VI.

Eugene, thus threatened by a boisterous sea,
Gave all his future projects to the wind,
Regretted, that from curiosity,
He ever took the ocean's tour in mind;
He thought of all the friends he left behind,
But most of one, the nearest to his heart;
He dreaded too a watery grave to find,
A grave, which forms on worldly spot no part,
For memory to entomb, or friendship's tear to start.

VII.

These sad forebodings he perceived at last,
Were nothing but unnecessary fears.
The vessel gallantly rode out the blast,
E'en like a noble charger, when he bears,
Spite of the dreadful front which battle rears,
His lord unharmed through all the ranks of war.
Escaped the tumult on the watery spheres,
It gaily skimmed on ocean's bed afar,
With sails unfurled, and nothing more its speed to mar.

When now the vessel, with a goodly gr
Approached the haven walled from billow
He could not but the storm in mind retr
Which it encountered on the ocean's sp
He caught in fancy at the checkered life
Which man in his career is doomed to f
Now all a scene of bustle and of strife,
Now sunshine, happiness, and an indulgen

IX.

Eugene held in contempt the mode of li
When he had scarce put foot on Gallia's
The crowd of sycophants, in eager strife
To catch his eye with words as smooth
Though wholly bent on making him the
The gentry with mustachioed face severe
The sun-burnt matrons (bent with heav

X.

He staid at Havre, (so was called the port
At which he disembarked on Europe's coast,)
Till he had made to its *chef-d'œuvres* resort:
With him it had not much whereof to boast;
The streets in narrow intricacies lost;
The buildings void of ornament or show,
E'en incommodious, durable at most;
The public edifices, far to go,
With beauty crowned, but real magnificence below.

XI.

What gave it greatest interest in his eyes,
More than its site, distinguished by its name,*
Was that St. Pierre, in his Studies† wise,
Enrolled it in the register of fame:‡
'Twas this attached to it an extra claim,
Cleared up the streets in all their winding maze,

* Havre de Grace, a delightful harbour.

† His work entitled "Studies of Nature."

‡ St. Pierre was born at Havre de Grace.

XII.

Eugene to Rouen now pursued his way.
When he had of its spires a distant view,
He could not but reflect upon the day,
When Joan, charged with crimes of black
(Which were in every feature proved un-
Was borne a helpless victim to her fate.
As all her character was strange and new
I shall in brief her history relate,
Which cannot fail of interest at this distant

XIII.

Despite the rumour of her humble birth,†
She was the daughter, as was lately found

Of parents famed for their exalted worth.
The low condition to which she was ground,*
The effect of malice and the wars around,
Could not extinguish that heroic fire,
Which, with the love of freedom nobly crowned,
She had derived from her intrepid sire;
To the contending British a destruction dire.

XIV.

Called, as she fancied, by a heavenly voice,
To rescue from its foes her bleeding land,
She advertised her sovereign, without noise,
Of her commission by divine command.

posed to have been the daughter of an humble peasant, was in reality of royal descent. Her father, who was a distinguished nobleman in Italy, having unfortunately fallen in battle at a time when he had made no preparations for his family, could never disclose to the world the nobility of his daughter's birth; for it seems that he had her clandestinely conveyed to France, and consigned her to the care of humble peasants, without having given them the slightest intimation of her rank.

* She was employed as groom at a country Inn.

To all his troops as an inspired maid,
Sent by the God of arms to furnish them v

XV.

A mission, thus announced as from above
In times when superstition swayed the people
Could not but of the greatest moment prove
The French it to the combat all inclined,
Convinced it was for their relief designed
The British, threatened with its vengeful
It to the languor of despair resigned.
The siege of Orleans was an instance dire
Here Joan greatly signalised her martial fire

XVI.

Rising nobly mounted on her steed

She foremost dashed into the fight with speed,
And bore down all she met within her space.
Disdaining to give to a woman place,
And fired by the valour she displayed,
Her comrades rushed with furious might apace,
And all around a dreadful carnage made,
Whilst o'er their heads the consecrated banner* played.

XVII.

The British, failing to withstand the shock,
Began in every quarter to give way:
The French, with Joan as their sheltering rock,
Continued with redoubled wrath to slay,
And rendered still more fierce the bloody fray;
Nor did they into ranks retiring fall,
Till they had carried the contested day,
Displayed their colours on the conquered wall,
Relieved the city, and prepared for festive hall.

* Joan, on going forth to battle, had always carried before the army her banner, set off with such devices as were emblematic of her mission.

That Joan's mission was indeed divine.
A tide of victories, rolled far apace,
Swept towns on towns in one triumph
As when o'erswollen streams, the hills
Force a new channel for a wider space
Woods, cattle, cities, in one deluged throng
Are carried by the torrent far and wide along

XIX.

Like faithful warrior, to his sovereign true
Brave Joan did not from the field retire
As long as hostile armies were in view
But when her rescued country could repose
From all the ravages of arms and fire,
She, like a noble patriot of yore,
Expressed for a withdrawal her desire,

XX.

When with this wish, so humble yet sublime,
Her sovereign was not willing to comply,
Convinced it did not with his interest chime,
She passed her private inclinations by,
And showed her readiness in his cause to die;
More valiant than ambition's honour'd crew,
Who, darting on exalted rank their eye,
Have solely self-aggrandizement in view,
The object for which only they appear as true.

XXI.

She would her wonted bravery display,
Till at a sally, when with ardour fired,
She was at too great hazards drawn away.
Her own sworn officers her fall conspired:
Grown jealous of the laurels she acquired,
They left her with the enemy in the dust.*

* It is confidently asserted that her officers, jealous of the estimation in which she was held by her sovereign, abandoned her, when, her horse having fallen, she was in the midst of the enemy.

XXII.

Her captors, in the way of traffic old,*
But destitute of all exalted views,
Sold her to England for a sum of gold.
And did that country, conscious of her d
Make purchase of her to unloose her scre
Her valour, though an enemy's, to reward
Fit retribution when real merit sues?
Was it about that honour to regard,
Which even savages themselves will not dis

XXIII.

Alas! far otherwise its coward aim.
To bind its helpless victim on the pyre,†

And mock her woes, amidst the raging flame,
Ere in the shrieks of death she could expire,
Far more tormenting than the wasting fire,
For this it basely bartered gold away,
Of tyranny the ignominious hire;
For this it purchased her, whom in the fray,
It could not meet without the tremblings of dismay.

XXIV.

E'en so the ass, as in the fable told,
Avenged himself upon the lion sick:
Made by his dying state supremely bold,
He raised his clumsy heel to aim a kick,
And would meanwhile his long ears archly prick.
The monarch of the forest, deeply stung,
Did not the least at the contusions stick,
But felt the insult which the ass had flung:
'Twas this his royal breast with greatest torture wrung.

XXV.

Was Joan so corrupted by her fame,
That, like most characters for deeds renowned,

... own triumph grow
Died, and knew not there is a God on high,
By whom the virtuous are with glory crown'd
Whilst, doomed in endless misery to lie,
The wicked are excluded from the upper sky?

XXVI.

What saint was more to adoration given,
Than she when at her death to God she cried:
Though by the clergy grudged the rights of heaven,
She, to recall the death her Saviour died,
A cross (held by a clown) intently eyed;*
But when within the flames she stood inwalled
She raised her voice amidst the fiery tide,
And, by the gaining torrent unappalled,
With her expiring breath on her Redeemer called

* When Joan was standing at the stake, encircled by
James &

XXVII.

May He have heard her voice—May He who said,
“Ask and you shall receive,” have had regard
To the petition of his injured maid—
May He who will in future times reward,
(As a requital for the sentence hard,)
The guiltless victim of tyrannic power,
Have pardoned her, as her bequeathed award,
Those sins she stooped to in an evil hour.
Who has not given the Fiend entrance to his bower?

XXVIII.

Corneille, the Shakspeare of the French confessed,
Made Rouen* still more famous with Eugene,
Urged him, when with no wordly thoughts oppressed,
To scrutinise alone the neighbouring scene,
The scattered hills with winding stream between,
That in his rambles lonely and retired,
He might be where the poet once had been,

* Rouen is famous as the birthplace of Corneille.

XXIX.

As eaglets, when they first attempt to
Are in their voyage aiming at the sun
As Liberty's broad beacon set on high
Nor deem their altitude completely won
Till they have all the other birds outdone
E'en so Corneille for Lucan's spirit strives
When his career of fame he first begins
E'en so he deemed as having made none
Till he had wholly his competitors outdone

XXX.

An independent spirit, all along,
Pervades his numbers in a copious vein
And gives an elevation to his song.

His muse o'erleaps the threshold at a bound,
And, helped by the impetuous start amain,
Sweeps with majestic grace the fairy ground,
To the delight of all spectators ranged around.

XXXI.

When now of Rouen he had ta'en adieu,
Eugene proceeded by a narrow way,
That, with high clamberings and turnings due,
He might at last to Caen succeed to stray,
A town in which he longed to pass a day;
Not that with vast extent and stately dome,
It rose in a magnificent array;
But as it had been Charlotte Corday's home,*
Known for her bold exploit, and her untimely tomb.

XXXII.

Despite the charms with which she was endowed—
A face, which rather like an angel's seemed,

* Caen was Charlotte Corday's place of residence.

With love's unfeigned emotions all on glow—
 Despite these rare perfections heavenly deemed
 He desperately aimed the assassin's blow,
 Sent her victim reeling to the shades below.

XXXIII.

Or it was not that patriotic zeal,
 With which the breast of Brutus was inspired,
 When he stabbed Cæsar for the public weal,
 At Charlotte with a warrior's ardour fired:
 Vengeance was what she in her heart desired;
 Passion which true heroism flies;
 And which, as far as her exploit it hired,
 Used the boldness to a mean emprise,
 And the public blessing to which it gave rise.

a daring intention

XXXIV.

Though Charlotte, from a loftiness of mind,
Had long withstood the shaft of Cupid's bow;
But when at last by his address made blind,
She was designed its full effects to know;
An officer, of pleasing outward show,
At length made an impression on her heart;
So deep did now this late sensation go,
That he was never from her thoughts apart:
She could no more from him, than from herself depart.

XXXV.

'His manly beauty justified her love.
He was a youth, whose noble carriage drew
The eyes of all 'mongst whom he used to move.
His well-formed person, striking to the view;
His manners, seasoned with the graces due;
His bravery, conspicuous in his air,
And in the heat of action proved as true,—
These, joined to Honour's badge which he did wear,
Were strong temptations to entrap the fickle fair.

~~They pass the hours from resort aside,~~
Who can imagine the delicious charm?
Made happy in their hearts by love allied,
They were forgetful of the world beside:
Wealth, honours, friends, which tempting prove
Were in their ecstasy a thought denied;
And Nature's cravings, stifled by their love,
At all unthought of at some distant far remove

XXXVII.

Yet were they never made in wedlock one.
Relentless fate did all their prospects blight.
When two streams have long together run,
A mountain comes between with towering height
And separates them far to left and right:
The traveller mourns the separation sore.
So at the tyrant, urged by secret spite,

XXXVIII.

So falls a goodly poplar straight and tall,
Which cottager has planted by his door.
He sees with joy its growth beside the wall,
As strength and verdure their perfections pour;
He strews beneath with seats the verdant floor,
To share the pleasure of its shade around;
But whilst he glories in its precious store,
A blast comes suddenly with furious sound,
And scatters all his fancied prospects on the ground.

XXXIX.

The grief of Charlotte cannot be conceived.
At first, she seem immersed in silent woe;
But when she found herself somewhat relieved,
She let the floodgates of her sorrow go;
Like clouds, which thick the welkin overflow,
And threaten to pour down a copious shower:
They first in drops their dark contents bestow,
As with overloaded weight they seem to lower;
But then at once in one continued torrent pour.

to say the manner of her lover's death,
Did now her thoughts exclusively engage:
She seemed to waste her life in idle breath,
Till she could in his breast her dagger sheath
The danger, consequent upon the blow,
She disregarded as her thoughts beneath:
To press the vengeance, kept her mind in glo
e rest she let all to the winds unthought of g

XLI.

She took for Paris post, full of her plot,
And hurried on her journey day and night,
To be the sooner on the wished-for spot.
Scarce could she from her vehicle alight,
But she made ready for the desperate fight:
Armed with a dagger, suited to her hand,
Though kept a secret from the obtrusive sight,

XLII.

Unconscious of ill-will, or harm designed,
He used no method to be on his guard.
Whilst, from the tenor of his bloody mind,
He took for victims' heads a strict regard,
She rose, as to his project to accord,
And plunged her dagger deep into his breast,
As for her lover's death a due reward.
His instant fall, which sent him to his rest,
Her hand's determined intrepidity confessed,

XLIII.

She made no efforts to fly from arrest,
As crowds in terror hurried to the door,
But the whole deed as her own act confessed.
With looks serene, and hands imbrued in gore,
She eyed the scene with satisfaction o'er:
As when with knife in hand, through slaughter red,
A butcher stands a bleeding beef before,
And waits collected till the beast has bled,
That he may lay it to his mind, and skin it dead.

So little did she fly from danger near,
When struggling in his agonies he died:
E'en when the officers their irons plyed,
She showed no disposition to oppose;
She was resigned her sentence to abide,
Since she had slain the author of her woes,
The point at which she was content her life to c

XLV.

Throughout her trial, which ended in her guil
She showed a heroism unsurpassed:
The base tyrannic blood which she had spilt,
He knew, would not her reputation blast.
He held these sentiments e'en to the last,
That crime, and not the scaffold makes the al
With these in mind, when on the block bound
He vindicated her name.

XLVI.

Eugene directed, without loss of time,
His course to Paris by the nearest route:
For he had read, when yet in early prime,
Of its magnificence displayed about.
Its streams of blood, by anarchy let out,
The expedition also importuned;
When distantly in sight of it without,
He, with his feelings to the time attuned,
In such soliloquy with his own heart communed.

XLVII.

“ Within these walls, enclosing but a span,
What crimes, as countless as the sand on shore,
Have been committed by that creature man!
Vesuvius, *Ætna*, when too full their store,
Will boil with the o’ertortured lava o’er,
And to their bowels transient rest bequeath;
But this receptacle of vice, the more
It does with its corrupted matter seethe,
The more it will look an irruption in the teeth.

...to tyranny a prey:

Who can contemplate, without sigh
The massacre of St. Bartholomew's
Who does not turn his face aghast
When, hanging on the lips of ripen
He sees the 'Reign of Terror' in its
Whose blood boils not when he read
Of the Burgundian League, and Isabel

XLIX.

Eugene, when he had now the city
Resolved to visit, at an early time,
The public edifices it contained,
So much extolled in transatlantic clime
That his research might with devotion
He first to Notre Dame pursued his
That building, with antiquity sublime

L.

"One thousand years ere Washington was born,*
These walls, as I behold them now, were piled—
They had been by the wrecks of ages worn,
When yet Columbus was a suckling child,
And fair America an unknown wild:
Ye who would know the grandeur of this fane,
Go view her blest with independence mild:
Survey her commerce, carried o'er the main
As far as rival nations intercourse maintain:

LI.

"Behold her cities, smiling on the coast,
Like the creations of some fairy's hand,
The abodes of wealth, and fashion's proudest boast:
Explore the state of her interior land,
Her towns, as flourishing they scattered stand,
Amidst the scenes of cultivation gay:

* The ancient church Notre Dame, in the city of Paris, was built early in the 8th century.

LII.

“ Such only can in their own bosom
The sentiments which I would have
Traced by the progress Europe’s
This edifice will strike the mind that
What is the city which the Czars
What is proud Venice, with its marble
Considered in the sunshine of success
They are all nothing, epochs to record
When with America compared which

LIII.

“ When Henry was in this Cathedral
What crowds of people, gathered from

And for their wealth and rank alike renowned,
Have witnessed the imposing scene betide.
Here were the greatest men that France supplied,
And in that age of fame she had her share;
Here, honoured by distinguished Powers allied,
The crown received a more important air;
Here pressing and oppressed the crowd were seen to
stare.

LIV.

"The ladies here were seated in a row,
More dazzling than the jewels which they wore.
Ah! how their cheeks did like the roses glow.
Their features, formed on beauty's happiest score,
Expressed the love they in their bosoms bore;
Their hair, in many a ringlet twirled around,
Hung down their shoulders in luxuriant store;
Their hands, of delicate proportion found,
Were with a more than snowy whiteness richly crowned.

... marriage, cong
Shone by its lustre, and obs
Where now the members tha
The monarch, whom with ad
All honoured in his Majesty
The nobles, with their wealth
Their pride of lineage, and th
The ladies, who with native cha

LVI.

"Gone, where armorials no ran
Committed to the earth, the cou
Where all without distinction
Another generation came ahead
Which for its day its gaudy plu
Then sunk into the earth the g
Another, and another swelled t

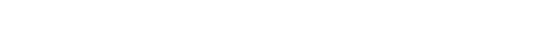
LVII.

"Did nature miss them passing thus away?
The sun, as loath for grief from bed to rise,
Was he less careful to bring back the day?
Drooped in the night the stars with weeping eyes?
Endured the seasons, as in mourning guise,
A change unsanctioned by the rolling year?
Appeared the streams, as taken with surprise
In the smooth current of their gay career?
Appeared they to the eye less beautiful, less clear?

LVIII.

"No more than at the falling of the leaves,
Which, when in autumn they have dropped away,
The coming spring with a new set retrieves.
Whence then, O man, thy towering pride, O say?
What cause for such magnificent display?
Thyself, all Nature, Revelation, show,
That thou art but a creature of a day,
Doomed to descend into the earth below,
As all the works of clay must one time crumbling go."





1

1



1

2



